

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

MINNESOTA VALLEY NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE PROTECTION ACT OF 1999

HON. DON YOUNG

OF ALASKA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 25, 1999

Mr. YOUNG of Alaska. Mr. Speaker, today I am introducing legislation to protect one of the crown jewels of our national wildlife refuge system, the Minnesota Valley National Wildlife Refuge. On Wednesday, February 3, 1999 I chaired a hearing of the Committee on Resources on the impacts of the Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota airport expansion on this premier national wildlife refuge.

This refuge is home to a broad range of wildlife species which deserve every bit as much protection as do the species that live in other national refuges. Species living in this refuge include threatened bald eagles, 35 mammal species, 23 reptile and amphibian species, and 97 species of birds including Tundra Swans migrating all the way from Alaska. The displacement of these species could throw nature's delicate balance into a tail spin. If we allow the destruction of this refuge and these species, it could send a shockwave through the entire ecosystem and impact every species in its footprint—a devastating biological echo.

The new runway expansion will cause so much noise and disturbance to visitors that most of the facilities under the path of the runway will have to be relocated. In fact, the refuge will be so impacted by the noise, that the FAA has agreed to pay the Fish and Wildlife Service over \$26 million to compensate them for the "taking" of their property by virtue of the noise and the impact on visitors to the refuge. This payment, however, will not mitigate or reduce the harm to endangered species, migratory birds, or fish living in the refuge. This payment is intended to allow the refuge to build additional buildings, relocate visitors facilities, build a new parking lot, and additional roads.

Yet, even with this level of disturbance, the Fish and Wildlife Service and the FAA found that the wildlife would not be disturbed so much that the airport expansion should be stopped. They also found no impact on the threatened bald eagle and no need for the protections of the Endangered Species Act in this case. They found that the wildlife in the refuge would adjust to the noise. They found that there is a little scientific evidence that wildlife will be seriously harmed by over 5,000 takeoffs and landings per month at less than 2,000 feet above these important migratory bird breeding, feeding and resting areas. In fact, over 2,000 flights will be at less than 500 feet above ground level. Yet the Fish and Wildlife Service has not required one dollar to be spent to protect the wildlife living in this refuge.

An environmental impact statement was prepared by the Federal Aviation Administra-

tion, in consultation with the Fish and Wildlife Service. However, this environmental impact statement makes little effort to address the impacts on endangered and threatened species in the refuge. Therefore, my view is that the EIS should be redone before this project is allowed to proceed.

I know that wildlife and humans can coexist. In the coastal plain of Alaska, oil production and caribou have coexisted and the caribou population has increased. I have a picture in my office that illustrates that point beautifully. It shows a large herd of caribou peacefully resting and grazing in the shadow of a large oil drilling rig right on Alaska's north slope.

Yet some Members of Congress, including some who have agreed to allow this airport expansion in Minnesota, have introduced legislation that would preclude most human activities in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge by designating that area as a permanent wilderness. I guess they believe that wildlife in Alaska can't adjust to human activities . . . but wildlife in Minnesota can.

I want to make it clear that I support our refuges. I sponsored the National Wildlife Refuge System Improvement Act in 1997, which is now the law of the land. I want refuges to be places where wildlife can thrive and I want them accessible to the public. I support adequate funding so that our refuges can be open to the public. I agree that refuges and wildlife should not be used to stop needed projects and development in nearby communities.

Let's protect the very little habitat for wildlife in these highly developed areas of the east. This is truly a last refuge for many of these species. Unlike Alaska, which has preserved over 130 million acres for protecting the environment, the highly congested and developed areas around Minneapolis-St. Paul simply cannot afford to lose the little amount of wild spaces left. The United States, as a world leader in preserving lands of significant and symbolic value, cannot let this sort of degradation occur to its land or wildlife. We have only one chance to save the beauty of this natural landscape, the crown jewel of America's wildlife refuges, for generations of younger Americans. Once it is gone, it is gone forever, nature can never truly recover from such adverse actions visited upon its fabric, an attack upon the scope and breadth of life that, for now, call this place—home.

For this reason, I am introducing this legislation to protect the Minnesota Valley National Wildlife Refuge.

TRIBUTE TO ADRIENNE GIORDANO

HON. BILL PASCRELL, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 25, 1999

Mr. PASCRELL. Mr. Speaker, I would like to call to your attention Ms. Adrienne Giordano of Belleville, New Jersey.

Adrienne Giordano wrote this letter for a school project reflecting the impact that Can-

cer has had on the families of its victims, and how it has had an impact on virtually every family in America. Adrienne's expressions are viewed through the eyes of a young girl as she watched the devastation of Cancer on her family members. This essay was written out of pure emotion and it is her insights that have made an impression on me.

Her essay reads as follows:

When I was young I had two sets of healthy and out-going grandparents, or so I thought. I grew up thinking that way until I was about six years old. At that time, my dad told me that my grandma, his mom, had cancer since he was a young boy. However, she was now in remission and was supposedly doing quite well. By the time I was nine, I found out that my grandma's cancer had returned, but she hadn't told anyone for five years or so.

From that point on, my family and I saw her go in and out of hospitals for a few years. Each time she was out, she would make the best of it even though she was suffering inside. She became very ill at one point and the doctors said that she would die within a couple of months. To make matters worse, my other grandfather went into the hospital for cancer too.

He became very sick, in fact to the point that he could hardly speak, or even breathe. The thought of living without my grandpa as a part of my life was very difficult for me. In words I cannot express the pain inside of me, although it couldn't possibly amount to the pain that he was going through. He was suffering but showed it rarely, but then again how could he not, he was in a hospital, on a floor with dying cancer patients who were waiting to die. He had to deal with what he had and how it was going to be. There was no say in what was happening to him, as a healthy man for all of his previous life nobody thought that he would ever be this sickly, and either did he. About four months after he went in, he passed away. Although I knew it was coming, it hit me hard and it hit my heart. I thought that I would go through some sort of emotional grieving stage, but I didn't, my feelings stayed bundled up inside until the days of the wake and funeral. On those days I cried more that I ever had in my whole lifetime. But I had to move on and keep the joyful memories in the back of my mind. Every time I feel upset or wondered, "Why them, why such wonderful people, what have they done to deserve this?", I looked back to all of the good times they had, and what wonderful lives they had to remember. Sometimes thinking about how they loved life and cherished each moment of the day made me realize that their lives weren't only misery and fighting this deadly disease, but enjoying the good times, and making the best of the bad.

Weeks passed after the death of my grandfather and by then my grandma had gathered enough strength to pull through. Once again, she was released from the hospital, but inside I knew that the fight wasn't over yet and she would soon return to the halls of the sickly dying cancer patients. I had seen her fight for so many years, and the story repeated itself, in the hospital and out, and back in again. What could make me think that this time would be different? It was the same and always the same, I knew that one day she would take the final punch and the fight would finally end.

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